

POLICE

10¢

COMICS

MARCH No.113

**WHAT WAS THE MYSTERY
OF THE DEAD MAN WITH
THE SIZE 13 SHOE?**

**DON'T MISS THIS
KEN SHANNON
THRILLER!**





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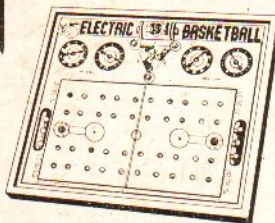


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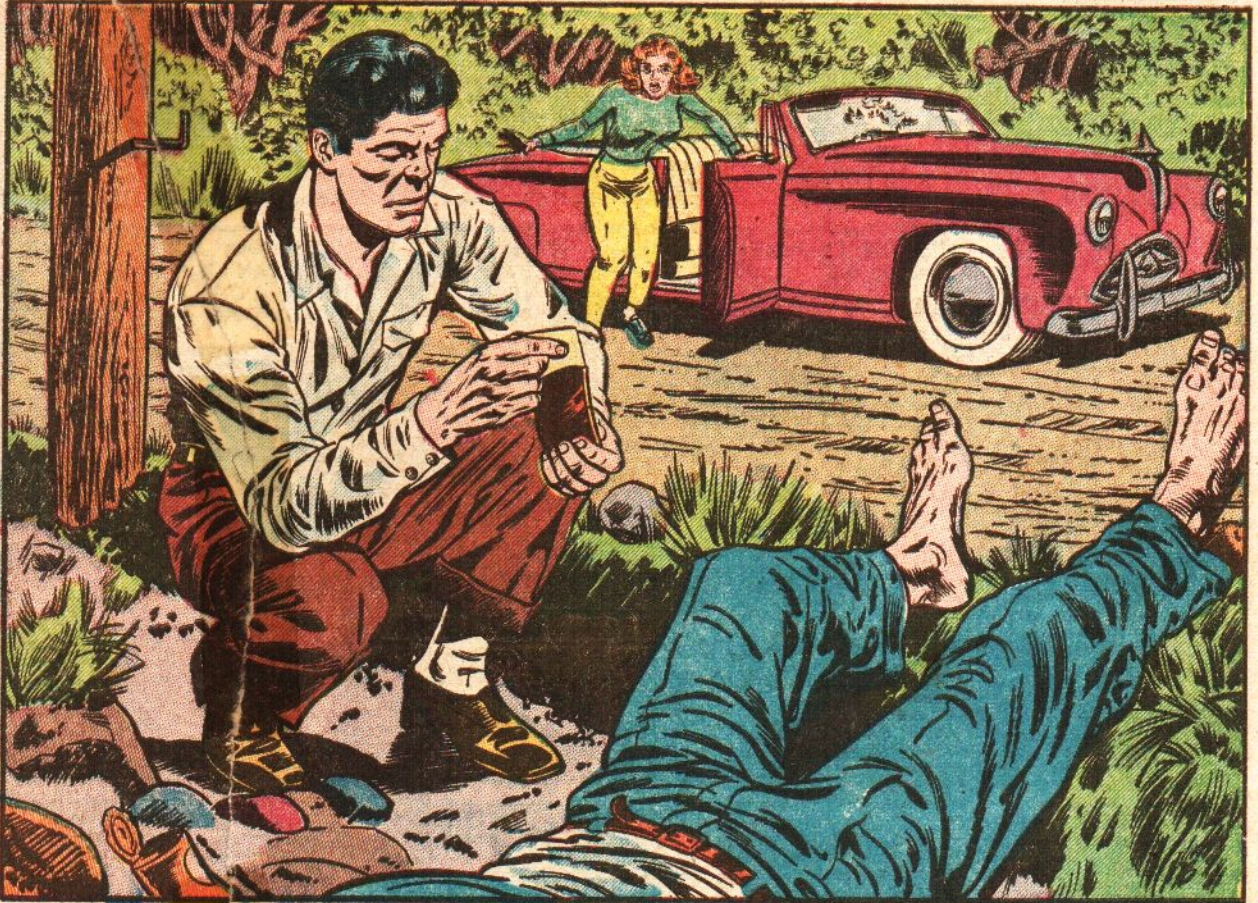
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KEN SHANNON

MURDER WAS THE FURTHEST THING FROM MY MIND THAT EVENING! MY SECRETARY, DEE DEE DAWSON, HAD TALKED ME INTO SPENDING A DAY IN THE COUNTRY AND DURING THE LONG DRIVE HOME I ALMOST FORGOT THAT BODIES AND BULLETS ARE MY BREAD AND BUTTER! THAT WAS BEFORE I DISCOVERED THAT GRUESOME SOMETHING IN THE HIGHWAY DITCH...AND BEFORE I TANGLED WITH THE RUTHLESS KILLER OF...

THE CORPSE WITH THE SIZE 13 SHOE!



NICK GILES



EVERYTHING WAS SERVED IN NICK'S CAFE, FROM MEAT-BALLS TO MURDER!

CONNIE



HER COLLECTION OF MALES INCLUDED HANDSOME MEN, WEALTHY MEN, MISSING MEN...AND ONE VERY DEAD ONE!

TOMMY GILES

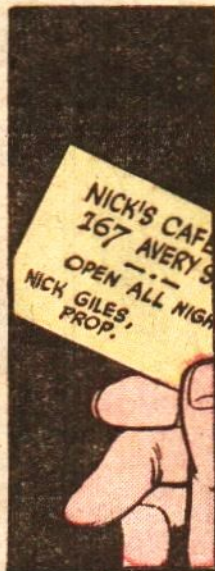
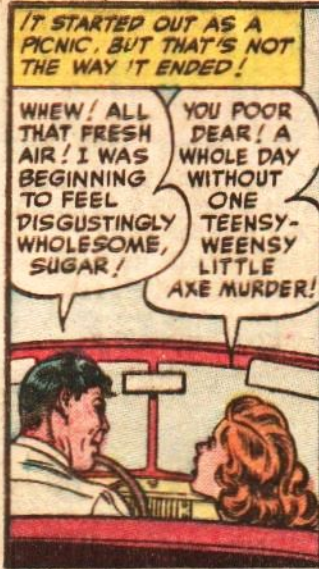


HE GOT ALL DRESSED UP FOR HIS OWN MURDER, BUT HE FORGOT TO PUT ON SHOES!

CANAL-BOAT FLANAHAN



HIS NICKNAME WAS THE CLUE THAT BROKE A MURDER CASE WIDE OPEN!



NICK'S CAFE WAS A GREASY SPOON WITH ALL THE APPEAL OF A COBRA PIT! BUT WHAT NICK'S LACKED IN ATMOSPHERE WAS MADE UP BY THE COOKIE BEHIND THE COUNTER!



ER...YOU GO AHEAD AND CALL ART CLYDE AT HOMICIDE, DARLING! I'LL ORDER THE COFFEE!

GO ON! CRAMP MY STYLE, LUSCIOUS!

I WASN'T LOOKING FOR MY KILLER... MURDERERS DON'T USUALLY LEAVE THEIR BUSINESS CARDS ON THE BODY! BUT I WANTED INFORMATION AND BY THE TIME I COMPLETED MY CALL, DEE DEE HAD AN EAR-FUL!

HER NAME'S CONNIE, HER BOSS LOVES HER, HIS BROTHER IS MAD ABOUT HER AND BESIDES THAT SHE'S GOT A STEADY BOYFRIEND NAMED CANAL-BOAT FLANAHAN!

MM! WONDER WHAT SHE DOES IN HER SPARE TIME?



...SO AS I WAS TELLING YOU, HONEY, CANAL-BOAT AIN'T PHONED ME IN THREE DAYS! BUT THIS BABY AIN'T GONNA WASTE NO TEARS OVER HIM!

NOT WITH NICK GILES AND HIS BROTHER CRAZY ABOUT YOU!



I HOPE YOU'RE EXPECTING THE BOSS, COOKIE! OR IS HE IN BACK NOW?

NAW! HE'S BEEN OUT AT HIS FARM ALL DAY, BUT THIS JOINT'S OPEN ALL NIGHT AND I'M OFF AT MIDNIGHT!



HE'S GOTTA BE HERE SOON OR...OH-OH! THAT'S HIM NOW!



NICK GILES WALKED IN A MINUTE LATER AND MAYBE I WAS JUMPING THE GUN, BUT---

MR. GILES? WOULD THIS MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?

CERTAINLY! IT'S ONE OF MY BUSINESS CARDS!



WHAT WOULD IT MEAN IF I TOLD YOU IT WAS FOUND ON THE BODY OF A YOUNG MAN--- ALONG WITH A HANDKERCHIEF MONO-GRAMMED T.G.?

T.G.! THOSE ARE MY KID BROTHER'S INITIALS! SAY, WHAT IS THIS?

POLICE COMICS



SOME-THING TOLD ME I'D FIND THE ANSWER TO MY QUESTION AT NICK'S CAFE! LATE THAT NIGHT...



POLICE COMICS

I HIT THE FLOOR AND WAITED, READY TO SWAP LEAD! BUT THE FIREWORKS ENDED AS ABRUPTLY AS THEY BEGAN!

GUESS WHOEVER SHOT AT ME FIGURES I'M MORGUE MATERIAL NOW!



AFTER WHAT SEEMED LIKE AN ETERNITY, I RETURNED MY ATTENTION TO MICK GILES' PAPERS, WHEN...

EEEEEEEEE!

MAYBE I...DEE DEE!



THAT CAR! WHAT A PRIZE SAP I AM! PLAYING COPS AND ROBBERS AND LEAVING DEE DEE IN THE CAFE!



DEE DEE!

OHHHH!

WHAT HAPPENED, HON! WHERE'S CONNIE?

ALL I REMEMBER IS... SHE WAS TALKING TO ME ABOUT CANAL-BOAT FLANAHAN AND SOMEBODY ROCKED ME TO SLEEP WITH AN OLD-FASHIONED ROCK!



AND CONNIE'S GONE! LOOK, BABY...WHAT WAS SHE TELLING YOU ABOUT CANAL-BOAT?

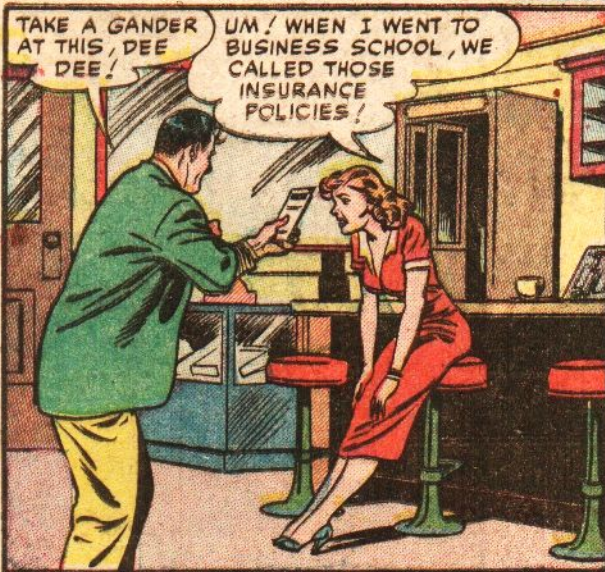
OH, NOTHING EXCITING! JUST THAT HE SERVED IN THE NAVY AND---



SERVED IN THE NAVY! NOT ON A CANAL-BOAT, ON A BATTLESHIP! OH, SISTER, HAVE I BEEN DENSE!

HEY! LET ME IN ON THE LATEST HOT COB!





TAKE A GANDER
AT THIS, DEE
DEE!

UM! WHEN I WENT TO
BUSINESS SCHOOL, WE
CALLED THOSE
INSURANCE
POLICIES!



RIGHT! COVERING TOMMY
GILES FOR TEN GRAND, WITH
DOUBLE INDEMNITY FOR
ACCIDENTAL DEATH! AND
NICK GILES IS THE
BENEFICIARY!

BUT HE
COULDN'T
HAVE
MURDERED
HIS BROTHER!



YOU'RE DARN RIGHT
HE DIDN'T, SUGAR!
AND I'M WASTING TIME
IF I DON'T GET TO
NICK GILES' PRODUCE
FARM RIGHT AWAY!

IT'S ON
ROUTE 44 NEAR
CRENSHAW
ROAD! CONNIE
SPILLED THAT,
TOO!



ATTA GIRL!
JUST LET ME
TIP OFF ART
CLYDE AND I'M
ON MY WAY!

WE'RE ON OUR WAY,
IMPULSIVE! YOU
AREN'T LEAVING
ME IN THIS SOUP
KITCHEN ALONE!



I HAD MY PAL, LT. ART
CLYDE ON THE LINE IN
THIRTY SECONDS FLAT!

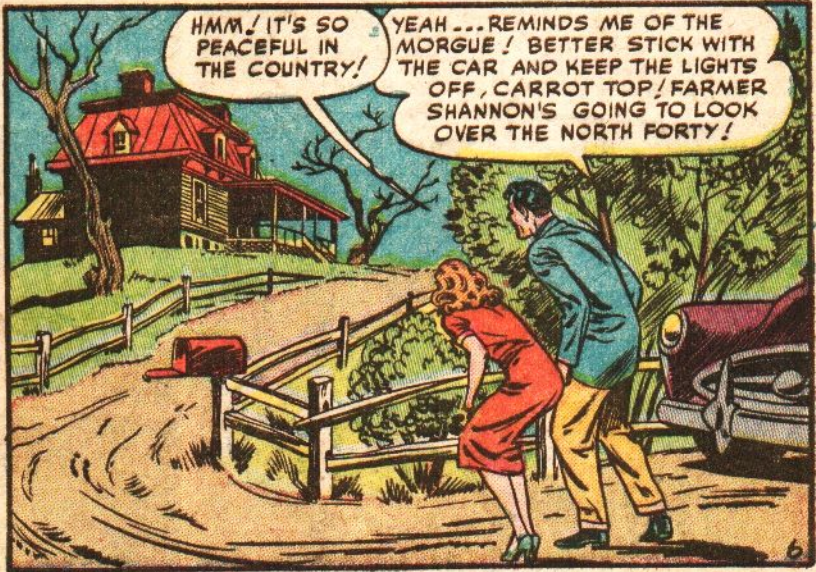
YOU BET I KNOW
WHERE TO FIND CANAL-
BOAT, ART! AND YOU'D
BETTER HAVE YOUR
BOYS AT ROUTE 44
AND CRENSHAW ON
THE DOUBLE OR PLAN
ON BUYING FUNERAL
POSIES FOR MRS.
SHANNON'S LITTLE
BOY KENNY!



LATER...

EASY, BOY!
THIS ISN'T THE
INDIANAPOLIS
SPEEDWAY!

WE'RE IN A
HURRY, PASSION
FLOWER! WE'RE
CRASHING A
FAMMY
REUNION!



HMM! IT'S SO
PEACEFUL IN
THE COUNTRY!

YEAH... REMINDS ME OF THE
MORGUE! BETTER STICK WITH
THE CAR AND KEEP THE LIGHTS
OFF, CARROT TOP! FARMER
SHANNON'S GOING TO LOOK
OVER THE NORTH FORTY!

POLICE COMICS

LIGHTS IN THE BACK!
EMILY POST WOULD HAVE
A FIT, BUT A LITTLE
EAVESDROPPING NEVER
HURT ANYBODY!



I CROUCHED AGAINST A WALL, TENSE,
RIGID, WAITING FOR MY CUE TO ACTION!

YOU LARDBRAIN! TAKING
A CHANCE ON BEING
SEEN! THROWING LEAD
AT THAT DUMB DICK!
BRINGING CONNIE
HERE!

YOU SICKED
HIM ON US!
SOMEBODY HAD
TO STOP HIM
FROM FINDING
THAT POLICY!



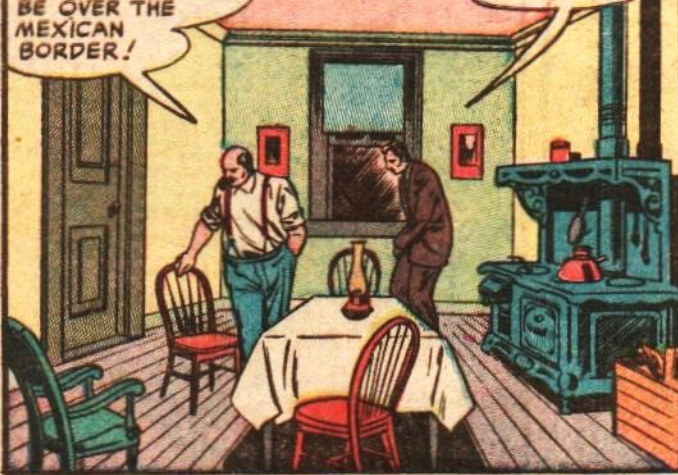
YOU THINK
THE LAW
WOULDN'T
HAVE FOUND
OUT ABOUT
THAT?

ANYWAY, CONNIE
WAS SHOOTING
OFF HER MOUTH
ABOUT CANAL-
BOAT!



SO WHAT? THEY WON'T
FIND HIM! AND BY
MIDNIGHT YOU'LL
BE OVER THE
MEXICAN
BORDER!

WITH MY SHARE OF
THE DOUGH AND
CONNIE!



CONNIE? THEY'D NAB
YOU IN A MINUTE!
LISTEN, I'LL SEND
YOUR DOUGH AS
SOON AS I...
AGH!

YOU'LL GIVE IT TO
ME NOW, NICK!



WHY,
YOU...!

DROP THAT COOKIE
FROSTER, TOMMY!



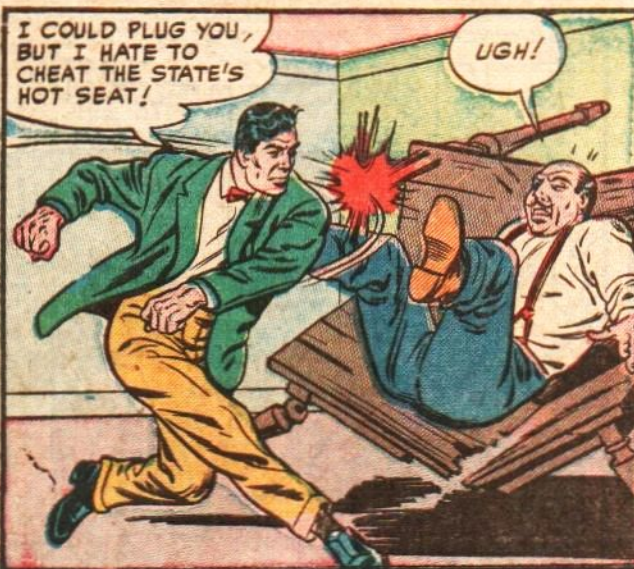
SHANNON!

JUST A CHUMMY SOCIAL
CALL, BOYS!





IN THE SPLIT SECOND IT HAD TAKEN TO FLOOR TOMMY GILES, NICK HAD ME WHERE HE WANTED ME! I HAD TO STALL FOR TIME!



POLICE COMICS

OKAY, BUSTER!
GET UP ON YOUR
FEET AND START
TALKING!

I GUESS YOU CALLED YOUR
SHOTS, SHANNON! I HAD
TOMMY INSURED FOR TEN
G'S WHEN WE NOTICED HE
WAS THE SAME BUILD AND
COLORING AS CANAL-
BOAT FLANAHAN!

SO THEN YOU TOOK CANAL-
BOAT FOR A RIDE, PLANTED
YOUR CARD ON HIM SO HE'D
BE IDENTIFIED, AND HID
TOMMY OUT HERE UNTIL
YOU COULD SHIP HIM
OVER THE BORDER!

ONLY HE GOT A YEN TO TAKE
CONNIE WITH HIM AND HE
GOT IMPATIENT ABOUT HIS
CUT OF THE INSURANCE
DOUGH!

CONNIE! I NEARLY
FORGOT ABOUT
HER!

IT ONLY TOOK A FEW SECONDS
TO LOCATE THE DOLL WITH THE
SURPLUS BOYFRIENDS!

TOMMY GILES
AIN'T DEAD!
HE... NICK!

RELAX, BABY! I'VE
JUST SIMPLIFIED
YOUR LOVE LIFE!

BUT, KEN, HOW DID YOU
KNOW THAT WASN'T
TOMMY GILES BODY
IN THE MORGUE?

WHEN YOU TOLD ME
CANAL-BOAT HAD BEEN
IN THE NAVY! I'D BEEN
ASSOCIATING HIS NAME
WITH CANAL-BOATS!

I SUDDENLY REMEMBERED CANAL-
BOATS CAN MEAN **BIG FEET**, TOO!
NICK WAS ABLE TO DRESS THAT BODY
IN TOMMY'S CLOTHES... BUT HE COULDN'T
GET TOMMY'S SHOES ON CANAL-BOAT
FLANAHAN'S SIZE 13 FEET!

And LATER...

LOOKS LIKE WE GOT HERE
IN TIME TO SWEEP UP THE
BODIES! BY THE WAY, KEN,
WHAT'S IN THIS DEAL
FOR YOU?

COUPLA SMOOCHES FROM
DEE DEE AND FIVE GRAND!
THAT'S WHAT NICK GILES
OFFERED IF I'D FIND THE
MURDERER... AND WHERE
HE'S GOING, HE WON'T
NEED IT!

Inspector DENVER

ADVENTUROUS MEN LIKE TO GATHER AND SPEAK OF THEIR CLOSE BRUSHES WITH DEATH...HOW, BY THE TINIEST MARGIN, THEY'VE DODGED THE GRIM REAPER! BUT CONSIDER INSPECTOR DENVER AND CASSIDY THE DAY THE MAN WALKED INTO THEIR OFFICE, OPENED HIS COAT AND, GRINNING EVILLY, ANNOUNCED THAT HE WAS...

"THE WALKING DEATH!"



ONE BRISK AUTUMN DAY, DEATH STALKED INTO THE OFFICE OF INSPECTOR MARTY DENVER!

GOOD HEAVENS, MAN! THAT BELT IS STUFFED WITH DYNAMITE!

RIGHT! AND ALL I HAVE TO DO IS PRESS THIS SWITCH AND...POOF... HALF THE TOWN GOES UP!

NO, CASSIDY! LISTEN, COPPERS! LET ME HANDLE THIS! I'VE ROBBED TWO BANKS TODAY! THIS EVENING I'M KNOCKING OVER THE CASWELL PAYROLL!

WAIT! LET'S TALK THIS OVER!

YEAH? MAYBE YOU'RE GONNA SHOOT ME IN THE BACK! TRY IT, COPPER!



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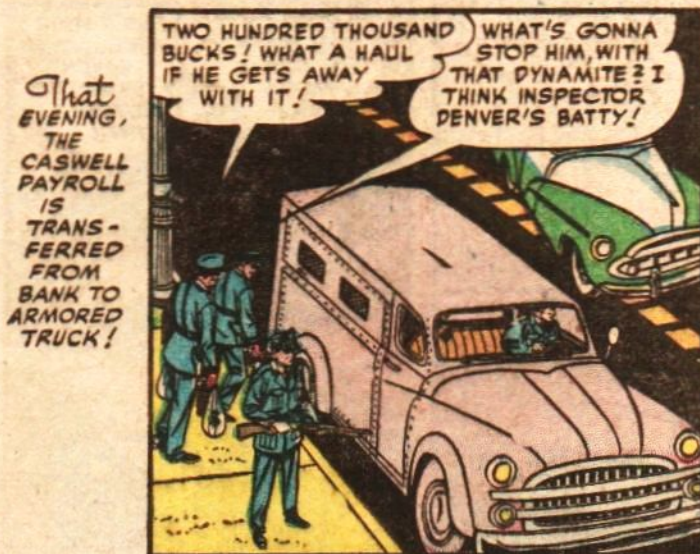
JUST WHAT I HAD IN MIND! I COULD DROP HIM EASY, MARTY!

SURE! AND HIS REFLEXES WOULD CAUSE HIM TO SQUEEZE THE SWITCH!



HOW ARE WE GONNA STOP HIM FROM ROBBING THAT PAYROLL TRUCK?

WE DON'T, CASSIDY! BUT WE'LL BE AROUND WHEN HE DOES IT!



That EVENING, THE CASWELL PAYROLL IS TRANSFERRED FROM BANK TO ARMORED TRUCK!

TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND BUCKS! WHAT A HAUL IF HE GETS AWAY WITH IT!

WHAT'S GONNA STOP HIM, WITH THAT DYNAMITE? I THINK INSPECTOR DENVER'S BATTY!



THERE COMES DYNAMITE, BIG AS LIFE! HOPE I'VE FIGURED THIS OUT CORRECTLY!



STEP ON IT, BUD! AND NO FUNNY STUFF, OR I'LL PRESS THIS SWITCH!

YES, SIR! JUST SAY WHERE!



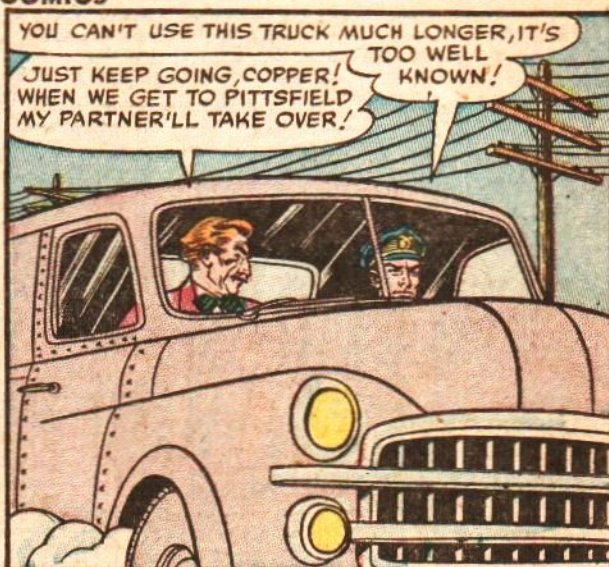
MARTY SAID TO FOLLOW, SO HERE GOES! I SURE HOPE HIS "PSYCHOLOGICAL DEDUCTION" IS RIGHT!



THINK YOU FOOLED ME, INSPECTOR? IF YOU'VE GOT ANY IDEAS, YOU'D BETTER FORGET 'EM!

THAT REMAINS TO BE SEEN, MISTER DYNAMITE!

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BIGGER!



BIGGER!

And

BIGGER!

It's
BLACKHAWK!

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THE S.S. ALKURNIA WAS TWO THOUSAND MILES AT SEA WHEN I FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH HER...

THAT'S HER! FROM HERE, IT LOOKS LIKE A MIGHTY SMALL TARGET!



IF YOU MISS, THEY'LL GRAB YOU OUT OF THE WATER! PROVIDED YOU DON'T LAND NEAR THE PROPELLER!

YOU'RE SUCH A CHEERFUL TYPE! I HOPE YOU BUCK HEADWINDS ALL THE WAY HOME!



WELL, THERE'S NO USE STALLING! HERE GOES!



POLICE COMICS

ALL THE PARACHUTE BALLOONED OUT OVER-HEAD, MY THOUGHTS WENT BACK TO THE CHIEF'S OFFICE WHEN I FIRST GOT THIS ASSIGNMENT!

THERE'S A FAMINE IN RANJAB! THE ONLY FOOD THEY'VE BEEN GETTING IS FROM THE CHINESE! AND WE DON'T WANT THE RANJAB PEOPLE TO BE SWAYED OVER TO THE SIDE OF OUR ENEMIES!



SO WE'RE SHIPPING IN FOOD OURSELVES, ABOARD THE S.S. ALKURNIA! SO FAR, THE SHIP HAS ALREADY MET WITH SEVERAL MYSTERIOUS ACCIDENTS AT SEA! WE WANT YOU TO MAKE SURE NO MORE OF THEM OCCUR!

THERE'S JUST ONE TROUBLE, CHIEF!



THE S.S. ALKURNIA IS A COUPLE OF THOUSAND MILES AT SEA ALREADY! HOW CAN I GET ABOARD?

WE'VE WORKED IT ALL OUT, TRASK! YOU'LL GET THERE...AND I HOPE IN ONE PIECE!



THAT'S HOW I FOUND MYSELF FLOATING DOWN ONTO THE DECK OF THE S.S. ALKURNIA! THE CHIEF HAS SOME WONDERFULLY AMUSING IDEAS...



HEY! SOMEBODY GET ME OUT OF THIS CONTRAPTION BEFORE I GO OVERBOARD WITH IT!

ALL THE SHIP ROLLED, I WENT SLIDING CLEAR ACROSS THE DECK AND GRABBED ON FOR DEAR LIFE...

YOU'LL BE FREE IN A MOMENT, MR. TRASK!

A WOMAN!



MY NAME IS TARYA...AND I'M A MEMBER OF THE RANJAB SECRET INTELLIGENCE! WE'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU! YOU SEE, IT'S MY JOB ALSO TO MAKE SURE THAT THIS CARGO OF FOOD ARRIVES SAFELY!

HOW NICE! WE HAVE SOMETHING IN COMMON ALREADY!



My ASSIGNMENT BEGAN TO LOOK MORE PLEASANT THAN I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE! THEN, WHILE PRESENTING MY CREDENTIALS TO THE CAPTAIN, I HEARD ABOUT THE DEVIL'S AGENT!

THE ACCIDENTS WE'VE BEEN HAVING ARE DELIBERATE SABOTAGE! SOMEONE IN MY CREW MUST BE IN THE PAY OF THE DEVIL'S AGENT!

EVERYONE IN THE NEAR EAST HAS BEEN TALKING ABOUT THAT FELLOW! WHAT WOULD HE GAIN BY STOPPING THIS FOOD SHIPMENT FROM REACHING RANJAB?



POLICE COMICS

WHO CAN TELL WHY THE DEVIL'S AGENT DOES ANYTHING? HE IS A MERCENARY... WHOSE TALENTS ARE FOR HIRE BY THE HIGHEST BIDDER! HE IS ALSO THE MOST DANGEROUS MAN IN THE NEAR EAST!

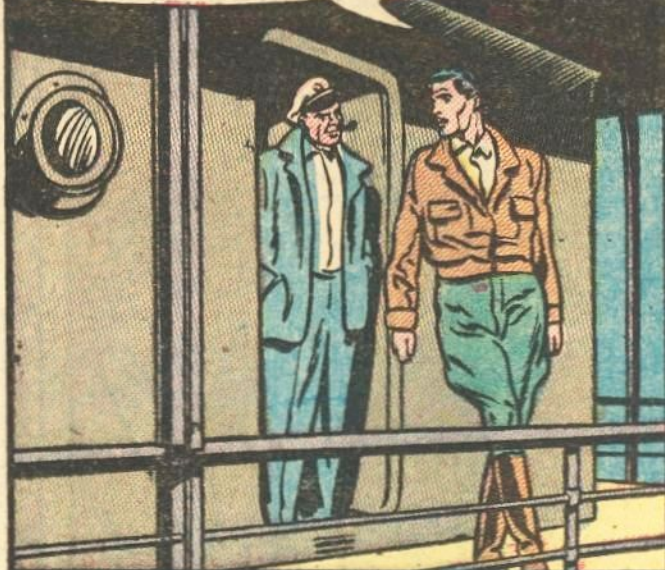


NO ONE HAS EVER SEEN HIM! HIS RUTHLESS MURDERS EARNED HIM THE NAME OF THE DEVIL'S AGENT... THE NATIVES SAY HE IS AS BAD AS THE DEVIL HIMSELF!



SOUNDS LIKE A PLEASANT CHARACTER!

BUT HE WON'T STOP THIS CARGO OF WHEAT FROM REACHING RANJAB! IF ANY OF HIS AGENTS TRIES ANYTHING, I'LL SLAP THEM DOWN LIKE MOSQUITOS!



The NIGHT BEFORE WE WERE DUE TO MAKE PORT, I HAD AN UNEXPECTED... AND WELCOME... VISITOR!

TARYA! YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE KNOCKED SO LOUD, HONEY! SOMEONE MIGHT HAVE HEARD YOU!



THERE'S NO TIME TO WASTE! COME WITH ME, TRASK!

MAYBE I WAS A LITTLE DIS-APPOINTED! BUT I SLIPPED INTO A PAIR OF TROUSERS, GRABBED MY GUN, AND FOLLOWED HER!

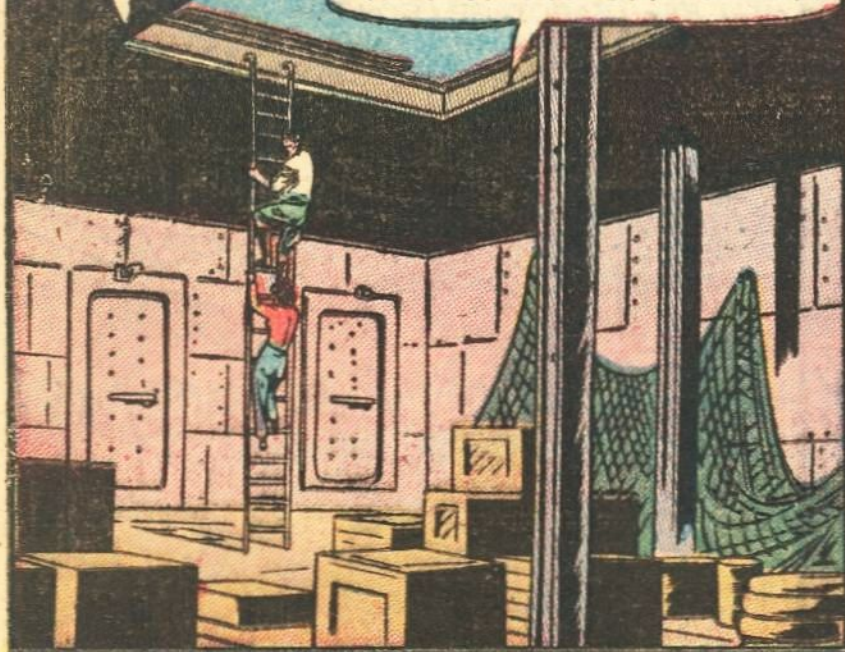
WHERE ARE WE GOING?

ONE OF THE CREWMEN IS MISSING FROM HIS QUARTERS!



YOU MEAN...?

TONIGHT IS THEIR LAST CHANCE TO SABOTAGE THIS SHIP! THEY WON'T PASS UP THIS OPPORTUNITY!



CAUTIOUSLY, WE SEARCHED THROUGH HOLD AFTER HOLD ON THE SHIP'S BOTTOM...

NO ONE IS IN HERE!

WAIT!



POLICE COMICS



The
NEXT
DAY
WE
DOCKED
IN
RANJAB!



TARYA HAD A VENEER OF SHEET STEEL THAT WAS MIGHTY HARD TO CRACK! BUT I STILL HAD A FEELING THAT UNDERNEATH SHE WAS ALL WOMAN!





MAYBE I COULDN'T CONCENTRATE ON THE BUSINESS AT HAND, WORRYING ABOUT THE WATER FILLING UP THAT HOLD! BUT I WAS JUST GOING DOWN FOR THE THIRD TIME WHEN...





MUST BE NEARLY FORTY OF THEM! THEY PICKED AN UPHILL GRADE WHERE THIS COWCATCHER CAN'T MAKE MORE THAN FIVE MILES AN HOUR!

WE'LL NEVER HOLD THEM OFF!



WE'RE NOT LICKED YET, HONEY! I'VE PLAYED THIS KIND OF POKER BEFORE...AND I'VE ALWAYS GOT AN ACE UP MY SLEEVE!

I CRAWLED THROUGH A FUSILLADE OF LEAD BACK TO THE BOX-CAR WHERE I'D STOWED THE DYNAMITE! I ARRIVED JUST IN TIME TO FOIL A COUPLE OF HITCHHIKERS TOO!



SCRAM, BOYS! DIDN'T YOU SEE THE "NO FREE RIDERS" SIGN?

UGH!



That DYNAMITE LANDED JUST WHERE I HOPED IT WOULD, AND IT STARTED THE CUTEST LITTLE ROCK-SLIDE YOU EVER SAW!



RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

AAAAH!



THAT GANG OF HIJACKERS WON'T BOTHER ANYONE ELSE! THAT'S THE LAST ROAD-BLOCK ON THE WAY!

YOU WERE WONDERFUL! REALLY WONDERFUL, TRASK! I COULD KISS YOU FOR WHAT YOU DID BACK THERE!



THAT SEEMED LIKE A GOOD IDEA TO ME TOO! SO I TOOK UNGENTLEMANLY ADVANTAGE OF HER OFFER ---

...AND I DISCOVERED THAT I'D BEEN RIGHT! TARTA WAS ALL WOMAN!

A FEW HOURS LATER OUR TRAIN ARRIVED AT THE LITTLE TOWN OF PUNJILI, OUR DESTINATION! AND THERE WAS A WELCOMING COMMITTEE WAITING FOR US!

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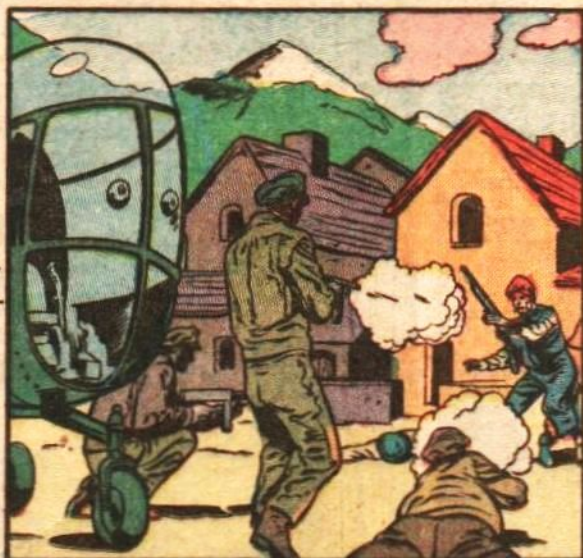
That NEARLY FLOORED ME! NO MATTER HOW CAREFULLY YOU FIGURE YOUR MOVES, YOUR OPPONENT IS BOUND TO COME UP WITH A SURPRISE OR TWO OF HIS OWN!



POLICE COMICS



SOME OF TARYA'S HENCHMAN TRIED TO MAKE A RUNNING FIGHT OF IT! BUT THEY DIDN'T RUN FAR... OR FIGHT LONG!



POLICE COMICS

PICT-O-CRIME YOU SOLVE IT!

Was OLD JAKE GRADY GUILTY OF MURDER? DETECTIVE ALAN SYKES KNEW! DO YOU?



But THE POLICE OFFICER WASN'T CONVINCED! AFTER HE AND DETECTIVE SYKES HAD FINISHED LUNCH THEY DECIDED TO CHECK THE SCENE OF THE BITTER QUARREL!



What clue freed Jake Grady of the crime? Turn to next page...

The Sweet Tooth

"CALLING car 152! Calling car 152! Contact immediately!"

The two detectives looked at each other, for the alert signal was for them! Jim Swithers pulled to the curb while Mike Galla reached for the microphone. "152 reporting," he said. "152 reporting. Come in."

"Go to 2217 Grand Street," came the voice on the police radio. "Report of breaking and entering. Safe blown. Robber escaped. Report results. Over."

"Let's get going, Jim," said Mike. "Looks like the burglary squad's got a busy night."

Swithers stepped on the gas and turned on the siren and the police car darted in and out of traffic. They soon found the address, a branch shop of a national candy company. A crowd was gathered outside, and a patrolman stood guard at the door.

Galla and Swithers entered the shop. The blown safe with its sagging, gaping door was mute evidence of the robbery. A small, distraught man greeted them.

"I'm the manager of this store," he explained, "and this has been a terrible experience. You must catch the thief. You see, the money doesn't belong to me. It belongs to the candy company and—"

"Relax, bud," said Galla a little roughly. "Just keep calm and tell us what happened. We'll take over from there."

"Well, it was this way," the manager began, trying to get control of himself. "I always close about ten, after the other two stores in the neighborhood have brought in their cash. I have a safe and we keep all our daily receipts here until they can be deposited the next morning. Well, I closed as usual and was on my way home when I remembered that I had forgotten a package, a gift for my little girl. I came back after it. It seemed odd that the door was unlocked but I thought I'd been careless. Then I came in and something hit me. I didn't know anything until the sound of an explosion woke me up and I saw this fellow scooping the money out of the safe. I don't believe I could identify him but he was small and dark. I passed out again and then, when I came to, I called the police."

Galla and Swithers looked over the store for clues. There was nothing. Nothing but a half-eaten nougat bar. Evidently, the thief liked candy.

"The guy didn't leave any tracks," said Galla, "but just the same, I have an idea. Let's get down to headquarters." He was holding the half-eaten candy bar and wrapping it carefully in his handkerchief.

Swithers watched as Galla pored over the files of recorded safe crackers. The job had begun. Getting the details of a robbery was one thing but locating the thief was where the work of the

detectives really began. The files were full of information but it didn't always fit the case.

Finally, Galla sat up and turned to Swithers. "I've got a hunch," he said. "Send out a pick-up on Danny Cady. He's out on parole but he may be our man. Let's get him in and talk to him."

A few hours later, a cocky little runt by the name of Danny Cady sat under the glare of bright lights being questioned. "Why don't you come clean, Danny?" queried Galla. "We know you pulled that job on the candy store. It'll go easier with you if you confess."

"I don't talk to flatfoots," smirked Cady. "You guys are always tryin' to frame somebody to keep your own slates clean. Well, you ain't got nothin' on me and I ain't talkin'!"

"Maybe you won't have to," answered Galla.

"So you're a wise guy," sneered Danny, "a smart copper. What you gonna use for evidence? Got any fingerprints or witnesses?"

"No," replied Galla, "I have no fingerprints and no witnesses. But I want to make a test and I believe I can prove that you bit off a little more than you could chew."

Galla took a piece of wax that he had heated until it was soft and walked over to Danny and shoved it into the parolee's mouth. He ordered him to bite it. Then, when he had the wax again in his hand, he turned to Swithers and said, "Give me that piece of nougat bar I left on the table."

He looked at the wax and then at the candy bar. Then he nodded to Swithers. "This is our man," he said. "I remembered that he had a sweet tooth. Ate candy all the time he was being tried for his last rap."

"I'll be darned," grinned Swithers. "I hadn't even thought of that."

"Well, chum," commented Galla as he turned again to Danny Cady, "it looks as if you're going back to stir to finish your last sentence and start serving a new one. The impressions of the two bites match. Guess you didn't realize that you could leave toothprints as well as fingerprints."

PICT-O-CRIME SOLUTION

"It's simple," explained Detective Sykes to the puzzled police officer! "The killer couldn't have gone out that window without taking away the cobwebs! So, since there was no other way of escape, we can be sure that Ben Deeds committed suicide!"

"Sykes," said the cop, shaking his head, "you're smart! You never overlook a clue, do you?"

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OF POLICE COMICS, published monthly at Meriden, Conn. for October 1, 1951.

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(Signed) EVERETT M. ARNOLD, Publisher.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of Sept. 1951. (Signed) LOUIS J. KURIANSKY, Notary Public. (My commission expires April 1, 1954.)

POLICE COMICS

TRACKING DOWN KILLERS IS A FAIRLY COMMON ASSIGNMENT FOR BIG CITY COPS, AND OFTEN THEY DISPLAY COURAGE AND BRAVERY BEYOND THE NORMAL! BUT IT WAS A STRANGE ASSIGNMENT THE CHIEF HANDED SERGEANT JIMMY QUINN - "GO OUT AND ROUND UP AN INNOCENT MAN BEFORE HE BECOMES A KILLER!" IT WAS A CASE OF SAVING A MAN FROM HIMSELF AND IT PROVES THAT...

COPS are COURAGEOUS



AWAITING EXECUTION IN THE DEATH CELL, YOUNG RANDY KELLER LURES A PRISON GUARD BY A TRICK!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, KELLER, YOU SICK?

YEAH! SICK OF PRISON, PETE!



I WANT YOUR KEYS AND GUN, PETE, NOT YOUR LIFE!

ARRGH!



KELLER MAKES A CLEAN BREAK WITHOUT FIRING A SHOT!

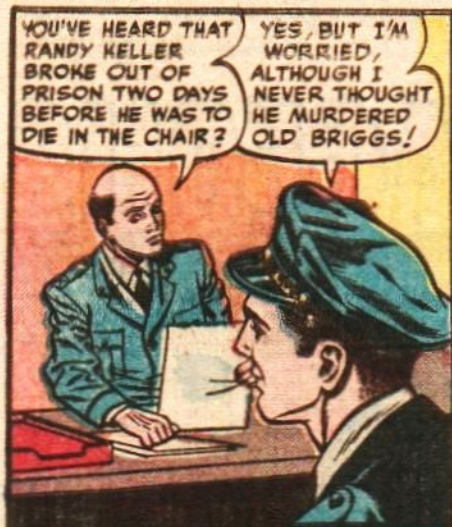
WATCH IT... HE'S ARMED!

RATHER DIE THIS WAY THAN FOR A MURDER I DIDN'T COMMIT!



POLICE COMICS

SGT. JIMMY QUINN RECEIVES STRANGE ORDERS FROM HIS CHIEF!



YOU'VE HEARD THAT RANDY KELLER BROKE OUT OF PRISON TWO DAYS BEFORE HE WAS TO DIE IN THE CHAIR?

YES, BUT I'M WORRIED, ALTHOUGH I NEVER THOUGHT HE MURDERED OLD BRIGGS!



HE DIDN'T! THE REAL MURDERER CONFESSED, AND THE GOVERNOR PARDONED KELLER YESTERDAY!

GOOD GRIEF! THEN RANDY'S FREE... BUT HE DOESN'T KNOW IT, HUH?



NO, AND THAT MAKES HIM DANGEROUS! YOU'VE GOT TO FIND HIM, JIMMY... BEFORE HE KILLS SOME ONE!

I'LL FIND HIM, CHIEF! RANDY'S NOT A KILLER! HE WAS MY BEST FRIEND!

RANDY KELLER, BELIEVING HIMSELF A FUGITIVE, HIDES IN THE UNDERWORLD!



EVEN IF YOU DIDN'T KILL NO PRISON GUARD, YOU GOTTA LAY LOW, BUB, TILL THINGS---

BUT I TELL YOU I DIDN'T MURDER BIGGS! I WAS FRAMED!



ATTENTION, RANDY KELLER! THE GOVERNOR HAS PARDONED YOU! PLEASE CALL AT ANY POLICE STATION!



THAT RADIO GUFF IS A TRAP, RANDY, AND HERE COMES A COPPER TO PROVE IT!



WAIT, RANDY! IT'S ME... JIMMY QUINN! I HAVE GREAT NEWS FOR YOU!

KEEP IT, YOU BLASTED COP! THINK I'M FALLING FOR SUCH A FOOL TRICK?

POLICE COMICS



Hour after hour, Jimmy Quinn follows a blind trail... to save an innocent man from himself!



And then, Sgt. Jimmy Quinn sees Randy Keller about to take a daring chance!



POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS

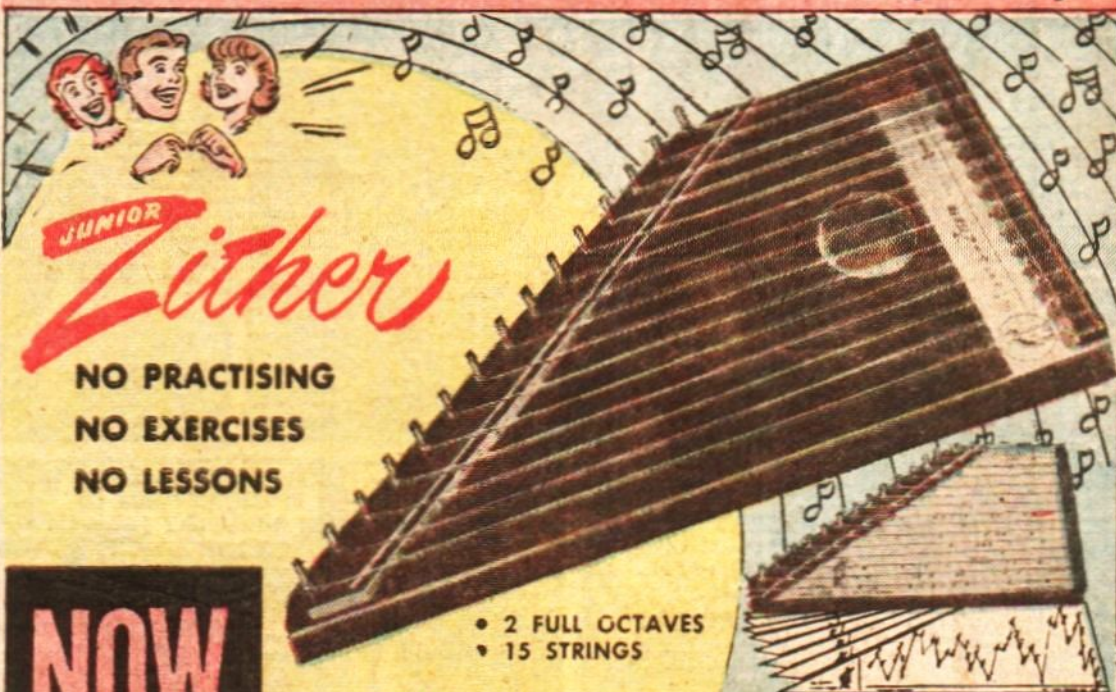
TO
SAVE
HIS
BOYHOOD
FRIEND,
SGT.
QUINN
TAKES A
TERRIBLE
CHANCE!



SOMEHOW, SGT. QUINN DRAGS
KELLER FROM THE RIVER
BOTTOM!



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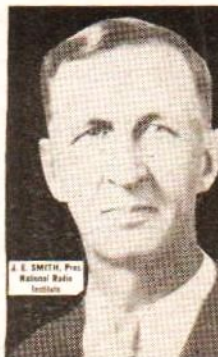
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Your next step is a good job installing and servicing Radio-Television sets or becoming boss of your own Radio-Television sales and service shop or getting a good job in a Broadcasting Station. Today there are over 90,000,000 home and auto Radios. 3100 Broadcasting Stations are on the air. Aviation and Police Radio, Micro-Wave Relay, Two-Way Radio are all expanding, making more and better opportunities for servicing and communication technicians and FCC licensed operators.

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YOU BUILD this modern Radio (above) as part of my Servicing Course. Build this complete, powerful Radio Receiver that brings in local and distant stations. N. R. I. gives you ALL the Radio parts—speaker, tubes, chassis, transformer, sockets, loop antenna, EVERYTHING you need. You use material to get practical Radio experience. Make EXTRA money fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while training.

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YOU BUILD this Transmitter (right). As part of my Communications Course, I SEND YOU parts to build this low-power broadcasting transmitter. You learn how to put a station "on the air," perform procedures demanded of Broadcast Station operators, make many practical tests.

YOU BUILD this Wavemeter (below) in my Communications Course with parts I send you. Use it to determine frequency of operation and make other tests on transmitter currents. You conduct many interesting experiments.

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